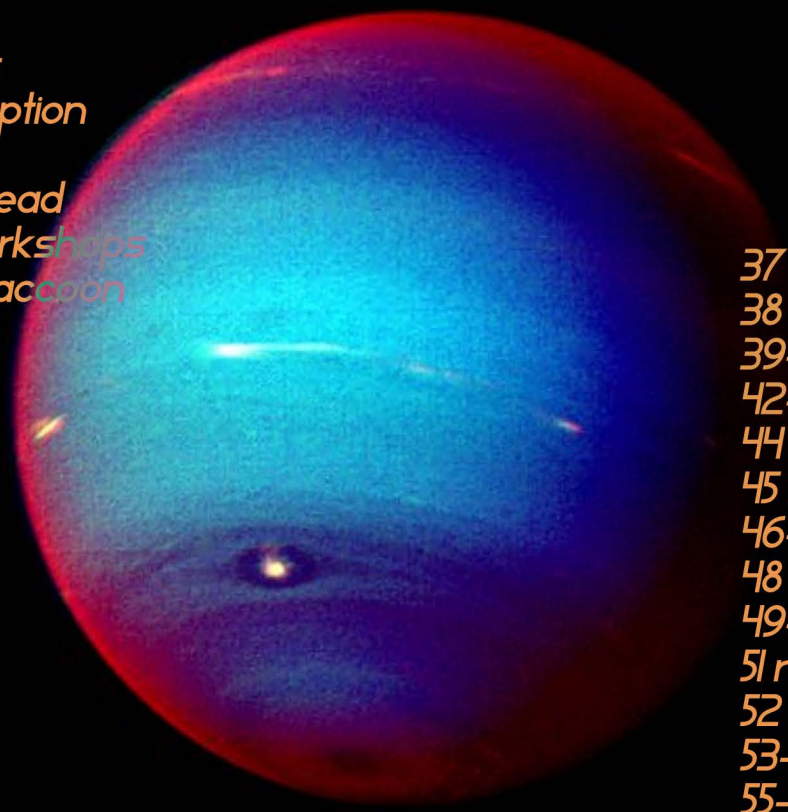
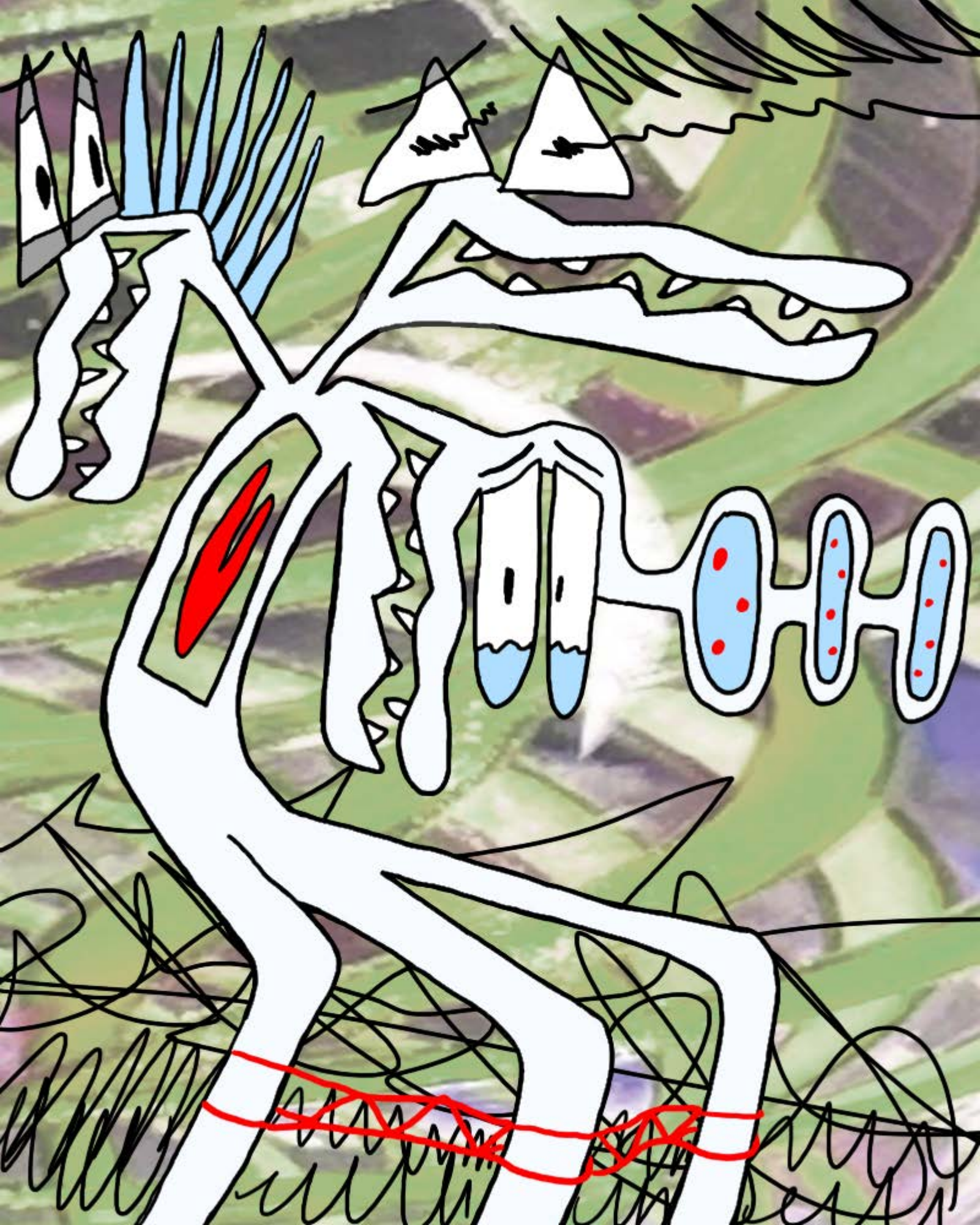
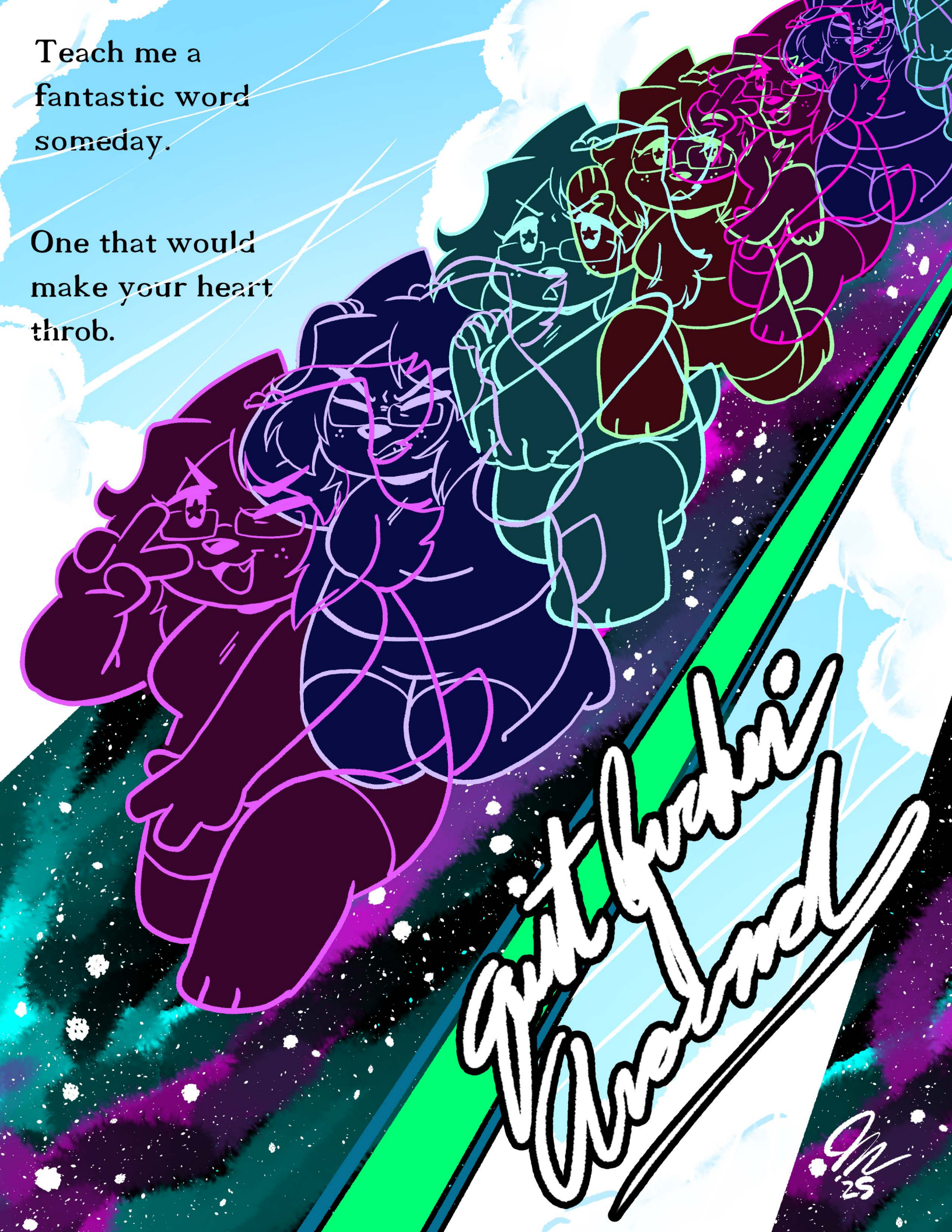
issue 2
12:00 am
KFUZZ
MUSIC, ART AND SHORT STORIES
FROM 30
CONTRIBUTORS!
KANDYKANE JAMES

01 kandykanejames
02 alicesqueaks
03 anavgi
04 astrolupine
05-06 ashley carter
07-08 biddyfox
09-12 mikasiwolf
13 chakoobytv
14 discflame
15-16 eden
17 exit
18-19 fehustudios
20 a brief interruption
21 flindasaur
22-25 cryngeisdead
26-28 gemini workshops
29-31 heya the raccoon
32- impactzack
33-36 kat
37 kole
38 ryuka k
39-41 lamps
42-43 lazyblue
44 moult
45 munkeesgomu
46-47 neslope
48 oceanhazel
49-50 python
51 ratthew
52 rocko-yu
53-54 veggieroland
55-56 shaun cochran
57 jo labar
58 sodafizznori
59 spookylinguini
60 taciturndeer
61-64 themothmuse
65 vetty
66 alisonkira
67 special thanks
68 bonus art
69 credits



K-FUZZ
SUBMIT TO YOUR HUNGER!
$6
DOING OUR PART




Teach me a fantastic word someday.
One that would make your heart throb.
Gut Feelin' Animal
25

Dr. Gene Chargemhighley
COUNSELING
Best Watermelon Spitter 2004
FLORIDA MAN EATS SLENDERMAN
Observo
GARY BUSEY NUDE AGAIN
JUST DIVORCED
COMIGZ
FRESH N' NEW!
Phew
20th CENTURY MEN
SWEET TOOF
DENBCAMP RULEZ
PA USA STINKZ!
BURRITOS!
Spotty
KOREAN POP
RARES
SCREW DEM TARIFFS!
THANK GOODNESS FOR DA YOUTHS!

THERE'S NO OBJECT TO BE SEEN
IN THE SUPERCOLLIDER

JUST A LIGHT
IN THE TUNNEL AND WHATEVER
GETS SCATTERED

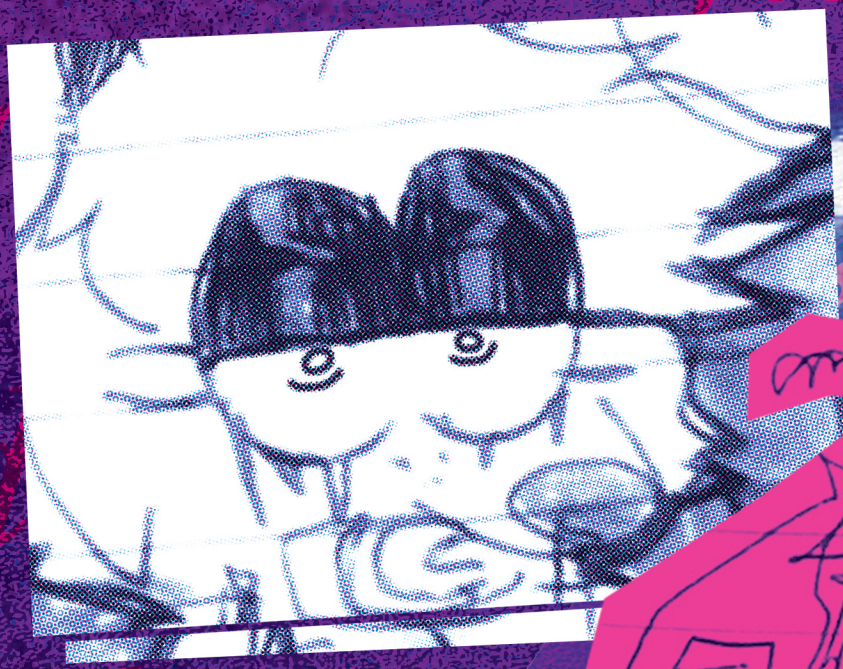
On a calendar long enough
all my gries starts to decay
Bur a calendar long enough
grows more useless by the day

— and I read that
on a calendar long enough
New York will be returned to the sea

When the water gets high enough,
it'll take back everything

all my friends told me it was a bad idea...
they didn't have to pay for the ticket!
and anyways, what's the worst that could happen? my ex isn't gonna be out meeting and greeting with people... she'll just be onstage.
[AUGGHHH SHE'LL BE ON STAGEEE]
WAIT I KNOW THAT FUCKING BASS RIFF

and the first time



what if I

ch the at

oh but

kind.

Our Roles in Life
by MikasiWolf

"After living a life of unfairness including being accused of a murder he didn't commit, Santi, a Geroo on the White Flower II Generation ship took up singing about controversial topics in the ship's lower decks, where most of the working class and downtrodden congregate."

The Revolution did not at all go as I expected. It had went completely to shit, even when 4 entire decks of the generation ship rallied around me on account of my live performances for the last few months. Granted, it wasn't like I'd incited rebellion by telling the disgruntled population to take up arms and Fight the Power, and down with the Krakun and the administration. I'd merely sang about unfairness and heartbreak, subjugation and humiliation, of unfair bosses and unfair systems; how we are all pawns in a neverending game, a game of ruling or being ruled, living unfairly and dying poorly. How what we think and felt are swept under the deckfloors, such that we go through life without questioning what made it so, why the chance for happiness and fairness is something we don't have the right to feel. And how through our long shifts and shitty jobs we're benefitting the ones above; the ones who might not even have to call their White Flower II home or workplace. And the fact we were killed when we were sixty was a means to ensure none of us grew up wise enough to know the flaws of the system, a system made to run a flying prison.

This caused Security to arrive in full force to arrest me, and were it not for my loyal following and my benefactor Makri'ah who tangled with a guard to buy me time to escape, I would already be on my way to the recycler. I gave a downed guard a couple of pent up kicks of hatred before fleeing in the chaos.

For a week I hid and laid low in my apartment. An announcement through the PA system ordered everyone in all the decks to assemble, but I knew it would be suicide even if I'm camouflaged among all the others. Later that same day, I heard the sounds of crashing in the rooms nearby through the vents, no doubt a thorough search by Security for the treasonous singer everyone's talking about. No one entered my apartment, however, and I believed they thought it unoccupied and deactivated through the housing records Makri'ah had hacked all those months back. Even after the noise of searching stopped, I didn't dare step out, for fear of it all being a ruse to trick and ambush me.

On the third day, I heard my door slide open. Leaping upright, I held aloft my dirembo, a musical instrument posed high as the weapon it can and would never be, hoping to go out in a blast of revolutionary fury. I was mildly disappointed by the sight instead of Ashid, Makri'ah's lieutenant and two other guys from Makri'ah's outfit.

"Put that down. You've never fought a single fight in your life." scowled Ashid, while the rest looked amused. I was about to tell Ashid that not all fights were physical in nature, but didn't think that such a great idea when I was surrounded by many who would readily disagree.

"Good to see you again, Ashid," I said, not quite meaning it. "If you must know, I fought a member of security three days back. Maybe even beat the shit out of him. Where's Makri'ah?"

"He's dead. That's part of what I wanted to talk to you about." Ashid jerked his head to the door, and his two associates left the apartment. The news shocked me sufficiently to make me slide down with my back against the wall. Ever since I'd left my technician job in protest, Makri'ah had been supportive of my next moves since then. Whether it was altruism on his part or even seeing me as a kind of brother taking over the place of the one who'd died, I'd never questioned his motives or intentions. I'd simply accepted everything he'd done as fact.

“After Makri’ah ran interference on the guard who’d pursued you, a team of them came and tried arresting him. He wouldn’t stop fighting so they beat him till he couldn’t move. We tried saving him but there were far too many of them,” Ashid breathed out. “The last few days have been like the Five Hells. Security came round doing raids on everything even remotely resembling a business, and this hit all our operations hard. It’ll take a while for us to get everything back to the way things were before, and it won’t be this month or the next. Do you get what I’m saying?”

I pondered what Ashid meant. “Actually, I don’t.”

The darker Geroo gave a quick breath out his nostrils. “Makri’ah had always believed in supporting unrepresented voices, in talk against the establishment that drives us to such a state. Now that he and our previous operations are gone, our efforts must stay towards rebuilding what is left of it. New players will try to muscle in on the action, and I don’t intend to let them. But your priorities are no longer that of our gang’s. Quit playing the songs you’re playing, and stay away from topics that’ll put you or anyone else you know in the spot. Don’t you get it? Your days as a musician are over.”

“But—but it’s all I’ve got to live for!” I protested. Ashid slammed the table.

“Life is about staying alive, in the hope that tomorrow’s better than today, not discarding it or that of others so you can have your say! You think you have it bad, being accused of murder? You think you’re some martyr, fighting for freedom with nothing more than an instrument that a mere mortal himself made?” Ashid jerked a string of my dirembo with a scoff. “You haven’t seen Makri’ah and his brother fighting to make ends meet after their parents died, leaving them at the mercy of Deck 25 dwellers. You haven’t seen the beatings I’ve gotten from someone who calls himself my uncle, who only stopped when Makri’ah stuck a cooking knife in his neck. Life sucks, and the only way to make it better is to be doing something about it out there, not hiding behind your words like a shield. But perhaps that’s the only way some people know how to fight.” Ashid got up, making it clear this conversation was done.

“And yet it’s my words and songs that rallied entire decks to our plight.” I spoke quietly. “What else could have done that?”

Ashid stared back at me, and gave a tired, exasperated sigh. “Be that as it may, many Geroo are wounded and killed in the riots that happened in your honor. The time for revolution may come someday, but it is not this day.”

The Geroo paused for a moment in thought.“You know how the Administration made sure none of us live beyond sixty? I always figured it was so the weak and decrepit could be replaced by younger, stronger folks.” Ashid frowned. “But perhaps it was so no one lives long enough to know just how bad the situation on the Gen ships are. Yet your songs have inspired what no amount of personal experience can ever do in a lifetime.”

“Hey, they took 4 years off my sixty as punishment years back. Can’t help but return the favor.” I said. “We all fight in the best way we can.”

“That I have to agree.” Ashid made his way to the door. “I suggest that you remain in this apartment a while more. You are free to come find me if there’s anything you need, but I will have to charge you the usual rate. Given none of us are demanding compensation for the loss of a brother such as Makri’ah’s, I think it’s only fair.” Ashid flicked his ears at me, as if daring me to say otherwise, then left.

The two other Geroo Ashid came in with bags, and for a moment, I thought they were here to off me for good. Instead, they started restocking the cooler and kitchen shelves with supplies they brought. One of them even tapped a strand to mine to transfer a couple of thousand

credits to tide me by. After they left, I took a look at some of the stuff they'd stocked in my bathroom cabinet.

Fur dye of different colors. At least Ashid didn't expect me to stay hidden forever.

So here I was, a year and a half down the road in my apartment, wondering what we're all living for. What I was living for. Ashid had pretty much left me alone since that day, and I ended up having to be self-sufficient with what little money I earned. I considered going back into the freelance music biz, but figured it'll be scrutinized far too closely by undercover security officers to avoid detection, even with my new appearance. So I worked odd jobs at the bars and kitchens, doing what needed to be done to earn some credits and a living. I understood through indirect references by my employers that Ashid put in a word for those establishments to hire me, perhaps to ensure I wasn't too reliant on him, or at least to not pester him more than he could already take. The staff in the kitchens accepted me as a staff member, but neither did they go all the way out to include me in their plans. This suited me fine. Everyone likely suspected who I was, a Geroo with a pelt colour different from most the others wasn't exactly invisible, even if all he did was scrub the floors and bartop, and even help pour the drinks. At least in my job I got to hear the complaints and thoughts of the downtrodden, the people upon whose backs the White Flower II was built on. And in my mind, and in my strand, I composed new songs, songs that I could rewrite into something acceptable enough for the sensibilities of even the most steadfast supporters of Krakunkind. A year and a half of having songs building up in my head was more than anyone could handle, and I figured I should really get back into the music biz, lest I leap to my death on one of the White Flower's higher overhangs. So I offered to sing at a couple of bars in the evenings. At my first few performances, I recognized some of Ashid's men in attendance, no doubt to pull the plug if I sang anything that would get Security's attention. But so far they hadn't. I sang instead about life as a menial worker, about the shifts we pull to make ends meet, the challenges we face to tide ourselves over another day, a day that might not know the fruits of our labor, despite the elbow grease we've applied over and over. And how we dull the pain of our fatigue and sorrow in the bars of yesterday and tomorrow, doing all this so that our ship may carry on searching for planets in space, in the name and glory of Krakunkind.

My songs didn't garner much support these days. It seemed that people wanted to hear something completely revolutionary, something that questioned and stripped away the mask of society they see day after day. And yet they were all too quick to keep mum and hush themselves when they see the armbands of the Security Corps, or an unfamiliar patron all too intent on listening to his surroundings rather than what's going on the stage. People found my songs these days so mild that even Ashid's guys on assignment didn't stay all the way through, some buying me drinks after so I don't mention it to Ashid. And for a time, I settled for that.

One day, I saw workers of differing physical professions entering the bar I was at. Despite the fact they had smells and stains from different working environments, I could see and smell they resembled one another, and that this was a get-together among family, or relatives at least. And it was then I saw inspiration for my next musical number, a musical number which I switched to that very instant, no composition on screen needed. I strummed my dirembo to an energetic tempo, singing loud the challenges faced by all on board. How all these challenges and suffering gets carried on by the different generations, a son bearing the load that his daddy had. A daughter does exactly the same job as her mother, but does she really wanna do that? How despite our jobs being mundane, and inhumane, torturous and dangerous, we all still come together, as family, as one, to this very bar and eatery so that we may see the need to live another day, a day which we all hope's better than the day before. And perhaps as a family, that's all we

really need to be.

The bar was silent when I was done, and even the bartender stopped in mid-wipe of a glass to watch. I wondered if what I've done was a big mistake after all, that these families gathered didn't need me reminding them how horrible their lives were, not when they were already living it day after day.

Then the applause came, first from the family I was basically singing about, then from the barkeep. Then Ashid's guys followed suit, and I knew that my song had struck a chord somewhere, a chord that deep down, we all feel the same way, whether we admitted it or not.

The daughter of the family, a spritely Geroo about two years younger came up to me as I was preparing to head for my next number at another bar. "Yes, Miss?" I asked as I packed my dirembo.

"That song you sang; there's something about it that really stirs the heart," she began, before blushing. "I'm sorry, my name's Hanna." She opened her paw nervously in greeting.

That gesture was almost unfamiliar to me, with no one having made my acquaintance for a really long time. Not when I've been keeping low all this while. "Hi Hanna. I'm Santi." I touched my paw to her's in greeting. I could see her father starting to make his way towards us, but his wife and son held him back and whispered something to him, causing him to stop. "I'm glad you liked it. I got a burst of inspiration just as I saw..." I almost said "your family", but switched my words quickly— "...just as I saw you sit there. Hope you don't mind my taking of inspiration from someone as pretty as you are." I smiled nervously as I bowed.

Hanna giggled, a laugh that was pleasant enough to the ears, yet didn't carry across the bar. "Not at all! Inspiration comes when we least expect it. I'm just hoping you have the time to talk, that's all. I happen to be a fan of such music. I guess we could call it 'Soul music'"

Soul music. I like the sound of that. Perhaps it can be a genre I could specialize in. "I'll be happy to, but there's another musical number I'm due to perform." I said with a dip of my muzzle, ears flattening in shame. How could I make an excuse not to talk to a female who made an effort to speak to me, a real cute one at that? "Maybe we can do this some other time? What's your strand call code?"

"How about if you let me in to watch your next song number, and maybe I give you my call code after that?" Hanna whispered shyly back, and I then realized that perhaps my search for meaning in this life wasn't in vain after all.

Some wise Geroo said that money cannot buy happiness, that what we receive is the same as what we give. And perhaps they're right. Some people suffer their whole lives never to find that fair exchange. But after my efforts of living life in my own terms, and learning to understand people as they are in their many forms, perhaps the Ancestors are giving me a chance for happiness through sending Hanna my way. A smile remained in my ears and muzzle and I headed to my next location, leading Hanna by the paw.

I used to think that many of our jobs and roles are that without purpose, let alone a revolutionary singer playing songs about what could have, but may never be. But perhaps we need others to tell us this isn't so, someone who herself understands what life without appreciation is like. Everyone, from mechanic, to technician, from cleaner to singer, even gang members like Makri'ah and Ashid all have their roles in life, a role that others depend on to make our lives and even theirs better. A revolutionary singer may be the downtrodden voice for the people, and be in danger of being disregarded, but perhaps he doesn't have to be disregarded by all. Today I take the first step to go forward, towards a brighter future to come.

DEMONKEY '25

i feel disconnected yeah it's all in my head. everyone else has their shit together so why am i stopped dead? everyone always says play it cool, just be yourself, but none of those approaches are good for my health. show me where to go. i don't want to be alone. and everyone seems to know how to find their soul. who am i supposed to be? i look inside and it's all empty. but everyone else is doing fine so clearly there's something wrong with me. i just want to see with open eyes and in my heart have something crystalize. do you know how much it means to me that you know who you're meant to be. i don't have a clue, it's true, and maybe there's a bit of jealousy.

BIG MUSIC MAGAZINE MUSIC REVIEW

by a music reviewer

"disconnected" and "you say" are two musical tracks by musical artist "discflame," a.k.a. "axyl," a.k.a. [legal name redacted] which are included on the adjoining compilation album. the merriam-webster dictionary defines "music" as "vocal, instrumental, or mechanical sounds having rhythm, melody, or harmony." here we see a musician struggling with personal identity and feeling accepted by their peers. this is a strange thing to write music about because most common examples of popular music are about "partying" or "girls" and/or "tractors." if the musical artist wishes to "make it big," the obvious move would be to write about "partying," "girls," and/or "tractors" instead of laying bare their insecurities. is the musical artist stupid? this nameless magazine reviewer will leave it up to the reader to decide. the artist also represents themselves on the internet as a tiger, which is silly.

[TK: final rating.]

you pick me up, take me home. hope i don't smell like a locker room. you hold me close, i feel your warmth. tv playing movies from the cold war. when i'm with you my hands don't know what to do. is it possible for me to give you what you earned. i'm a fuck up. i've got bad luck, every morning is like an omen. make me shut up, leave me in the dust. you watch me ruin the moment but you say you love me too. we drank all night, i smelled your hair. every stroke of your chest a prayer. i thought that night that you don't even know how i'm blinded by your glow. when i'm with you i throw out all my plans while you'd be right to leave me on the curb. i'm a fuck up. i've got bad luck, every morning is like an omen. leave me in the dust. you watch me ruin the moment, but you say you but you say you love me too.

DISCFLAME

In loving Memory

I FOUND A FOX
CAUGHT BY DOGS
HE LET ME TAKE
HIM IN MY HANDS
HIS LITTLE HEART,
IT BEAT SO FAST
AND I'M ASHAMED
OF RUNNING AWAY..
GUTIERREZ '25

memoire
MEGADETH
YOUTHANASIA
Nightwish
Blind Guardian
FEHU STUDIO 2025

DEATH
'25

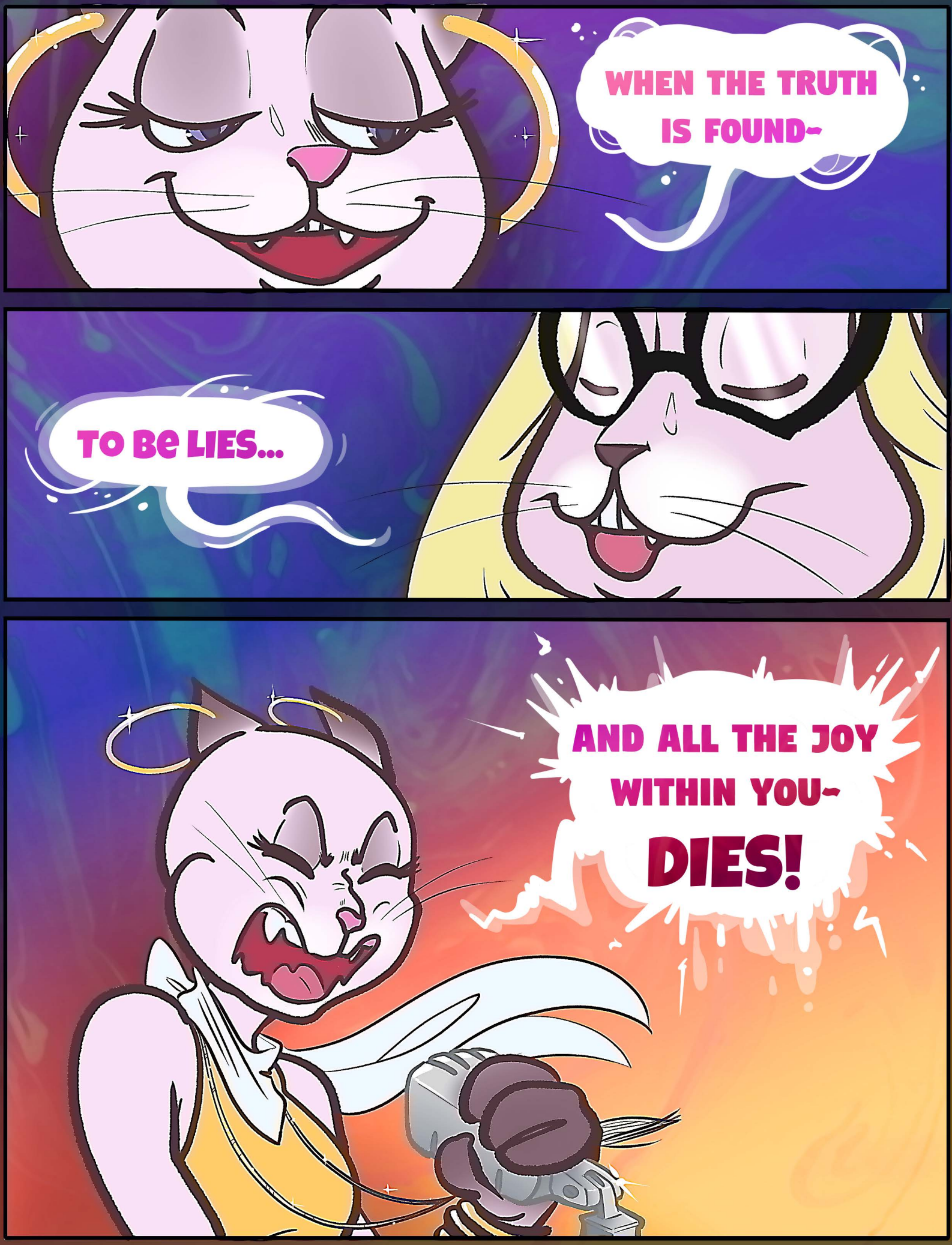
THANKS FOR READING!

DON'T FORGET TO CHECK OUT THE ALBUM

Flind

All souls last forever~
So we need never fear goodbye
A kiss when I must go
No tears..
In time we kiss hello~
What a duo, folks!
Let's give em a big hand!
Hey, break a leg out there!
Why, thank you.
Ohh Jessica! I'm so nervous! I don't think I can go out there in front of all those people!!

Oh My...
Oh dearest~
Don't worry, you'll be *stunning*.
uwaah~
Ohh Jessica!
You always know
just what to say!
heh.
Now,
let's do this.
_Muah!
Now, for our next act!
Jeff-furrson Aeroplane!!


WHEN THE TRUTH IS FOUND~
TO BE LIES...
AND ALL THE JOY WITHIN YOU~
DIES!

Don't you want somebody to love?
Don't you need somebody to love?
Wouldn't you love somebody to love?
You better find somebody to love~

eniac

interviewed by kfuzz

photography
by anonymous

a: How is your morning going, Eniac?
e: well, it's been quite alright. we've been particularly active at the workshop these last couple of months.
a: So introduce, to those who aren't aware, what the workshop is.
e: well, it's not as simple as just a "workshop". we are a collective of people who put our various skills together... we're stronger as a team, of course. we archive important information to make sure culture isn't lost.
a: And you guys also create art?
e: among other things.
a: So how did the idea come along?
e: i was given a large sum of money in my brother's will when he passed. i quit my current occupation to put the money towards something he would deem a significant good to society. everyone here is essentially on a mission to help preserve, facilitate, and create culture in various mediums. art, music, and DJing are just some of those methods.
a: What was this previous occupation?
e: it's confidential.
a: Alright, then. Could you explain your own approach to music production?
e: it's pretty scattered. i work with a lot of hardware. that's where i usually start. i bounce audio back and forth from tape and my PC. sometimes i try to give it a "mixtape feel". sometimes i just want to create something loud. sometimes, i'll just program my own modules to use.. i use Pure Data for that.

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magazine
2025

guArdiAn at the workshop
photography by anonymous

a: Pretty interesting stuff. Was your family musical at all?
e: no.
a: How were you so sure this path was right for you?
e: i've seen enough pain and hatred in my lifetime to want to continue it. others may think that the phrase "our differences make us stronger" is cliche, but i know what life is like when others sacrifice lives and cause destruction over the fact they dislike someone for being different.
a: That's deep stuff. Do you explore that in your music?
e: my music sounds angry and bellowing, so you can take that as you will.
a: I heard from other sources that you identify as nonbinary. Care to explain that further?
e: what an uninteresting question. next.
a: What softwares and hardwares do you use?
e: all kinds of bullshit. FL studio is a mainstay. right now, i have a Tascam Model 16 running everything to my personal computer. i am abusing a Yamaha DX7 and have my own pedalboard for any feedback loops. it has a Hologram Microcosm, some Boss pedals, a TARARIRA sequencer, a Rainbow Machine by EarthQuake Devices, and all kinds of noise machines with some contact microphones in them. i've been recording it up to one of my Nagra tape machines. i have quite a few that i got from my old occupation. i am a tape loop fanatic.
a: And your wife, pictured here in the left corner, does music as well?
e: yes, she's a co-coordinator of the workshop. we all have our own studios, some are smaller than others. mine is admittedly the smallest. we've decided to share one. she does quite a lot of techno... think hard techno and trance, all the way to dub techno. she works those tape loops the same way. right now she likes using a Roland RE-201 Space Echo, and sketches her ideas on the new Octatrack MK2. sometimes a Volca Sample 2.
a: That's quite a lot of hardware in the studio.
e: we are past mid-age, so we like it old school.
a: Have you joined forces with any other companies, corporations, or collectives?
e: i can't answer that too specifically. we have a secret pirate radio show that we perform mixes on, you'll have to venture out with your radio for that. we do not work with corpos. art over profits.
a: Eniac, thanks so much for your time.
e: you're more than welcome. we do appreciate you spreading our word.

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kfuzz proudly presents...
a special edition of
furmag
featuring
gemini workshops

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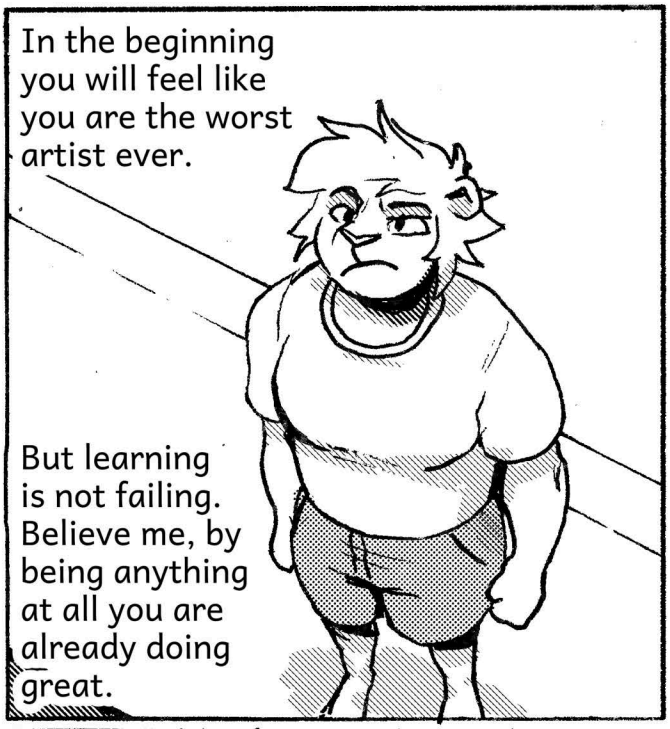
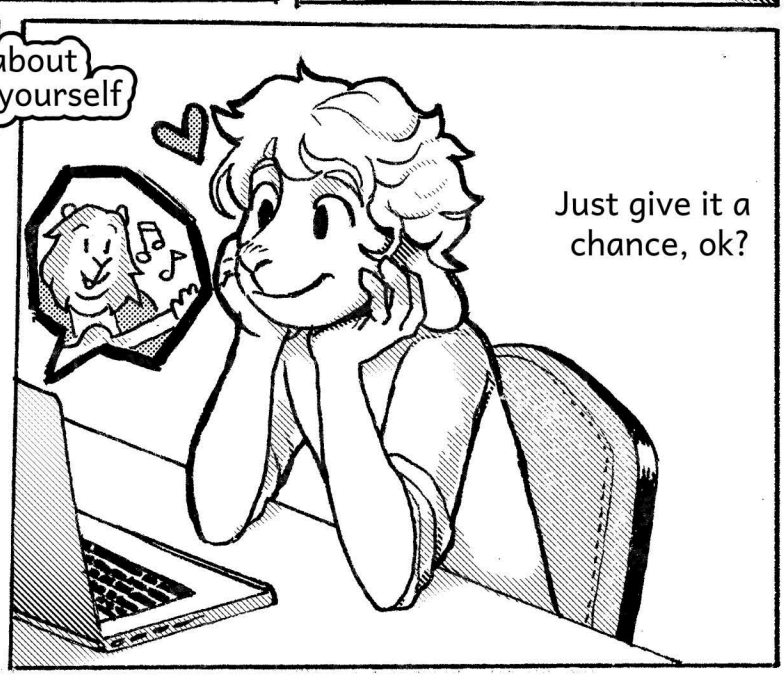

In the beginning you will feel like you are the worst artist ever.
But learning is not failing. Believe me, by being anything at all you are already doing great.

uhh...
hello and welcome to your first guitar lesson! this is the...

dude check this out!!

Trying something new is not about being the best.


It's about finding yourself
Just give it a chance, ok?

Sometimes you daydream, you wish to make a difference, you imagine yourself walking alongside the greatest artists of all time...
SIGN PLEASE
OMG!
But wanting to be the **best** is preventing you from being *anything at all*, in your mind being perfect became the bare minimum.
BEST SONG EVER!
325,160,921
Bernard
5M Subscribers
I LOVE HIMM!!!

You fell victim to the narratives told by others, thinking you are too old, or born with a brain too different, robbing yourself of actually living your own journey, thinking the world view of someone else is enough...

If you're not famous now at 25, you won't be later.

THESE 11 SOLO ARTISTS SCORED A NO. 1 ALBUM BEFORE TURNING 18

These artists scored No. 1 albums before they could vote.

"you used to be good, you used to be happy, what happened?"

why I gave up on my art career

THEN IT HIT ME

im not going to be famous
i wont get to be a rock star
I am going to be stuck on the payroll
doing work that doesnt interest me
for a very long time

too late
no style
no connections
too young
not good enough
too slow
you just suck.
unremarkable
too old
no support
no talent
boring

If your goal is mainstream success, yes you should definitely give up. Mainstream pop is controlled by a small group and they aren't going to sign you.

Most musicians in my network are only doing it because they cant do anything else. They have to do it or they wont be happy. They make it work however they can.

if you're an artist about to give up on their dreams, watch this first

Truth be told, there are more people who give up than people who fail. Fame is ***not*** why we create. We do it because it is part of who we are.

You might think its pointless.
But you can't really escape
the call, can you?

UGH!

KEUZZ
KEUZZ
KEUZZ

There is something in the woods; it is huge and pale and covered in fur that gets caught on the trees just a few meters from my house. I'm there too, in the woods, I mean. My home is about 10 miles of unpaved road away from any town that consists of more than two or three buildings. I understand that'd sound lonely to some folks, but that's how I prefer things, honestly.

I spend about as much time as I can either in the garden or inside writing stories. Sometimes I write letters. I don't have a mailbox, but my car still works even with how little it gets used nowadays; if I want something sent, I just drive into town and do so through the post office there. They save any letters meant for me too; I wouldn't ask the mailman to drive that far just to deliver the one letter I get every month or so. I'm going into town today, not for long, but it's a nice break from my routine.

"Hello, Mr. Hartley," says the young man behind the counter. I feel some of the nervousness I'm feeling fade. He's been working the front counter a few days a week since I moved here 5 years ago. He knows I'm here to pick up my grocery order at this point; there's no uncertainty there.

"This is actually pretty different from what you usually get; are you making something specific?"

Caught a little off guard by the question, it takes me a second to respond. "It's for a chicken pot pie. I'm writing a new story and got right up to the moment the main character's supposed to try one before realizing I can't for the life of me remember what they taste like! It's fascinating, actually; now that I think about it, I can't even remember how long it's been—years, probably."

The cashier uncaringly nods in response, moving on. "By the way, we had someone run to the post office for you like you asked; there was a letter waiting for you from a Beatrice Hartley."

I take it along with my order, then make my way back to the car. It's always nice getting to talk to someone who knows you, even if it's only from behind a counter.

For more than a few minutes of the drive from town to my house, my car is completely enveloped. The trees are eastern redcedars and bend to cover the path my car takes, forming a loose shell over it. Looking up, I notice for the first time that some of the branches have seemingly grown so as to tangle into each other. I wonder if they could be pried apart now or if they would have to be separated by some harsher tool.

I know before I see a landmark that I'm growing close to home; the bits of pale fur mark me drawing near. Even as someone who's spent his last five years in these woods, I haven't the faintest idea what they could be left by. Granted, the actual distance was a guess, but I swear I've seen one of them at least 10 feet up in the needles of a tree. I doubt I ever would've noticed them, even with the peculiarly consistent spread of them around my home, if not for their odd color. The fur was bright white, so much so that it almost appeared to be dimly glowing. My going

theory was that some kind of bear had taken a liking to the area, maybe one with albinism or something similar. I need to look into getting a ranger to come by and survey the area.

The real reason I worry is because of how consistent the pattern is. Every night, fresh fur appears in the same general locations. I can tell it's new from checking if the colors have begun to fade; it seems to almost immediately, and fur that's left for more than a day or two shifts to a somewhat dismal shade of grey. If anything, the range I've seen clumps in seems to be slowly inching towards my house. The proximity feels a bit eerie, but I'm not worried much; my home is sturdy, and even if something wanted to get in for whatever reason, the front door wouldn't be easily broken down. On top of that, I always keep the porch light on at night, and at least in the time I've lived here, that's been enough to let anything out there know to give my home at least a bit of distance.

I sink into an armchair, and I open the letter; it's from my sister. I have a landline out here for safety reasons, but it's been ages since I've actually used it. My sister and I usually send each other letters; the novelty of actually taking time to write out something intended for the other person feels nice. Sometimes I like to include one of the stories I've written recently along with my message for her. It feels like we're keeping in touch even if we haven't actually seen each other in years. I can't remember the last time I called her either; the quiet realization of that feels uncomfortable for some reason.

The letter itself is long and rambling; most of what we write to each other ends up that way. The thing nobody really tells you about being old is how much of your time you'll spend by yourself. Family moves away, friends get old, some die, and more sink into the routine of the later stages of their lives. When most of your time is spent sitting alone with yourself, even just a note that takes twenty minutes to read can mean a great deal. It's nice getting to hear about the small details of someone's life when you can't be there to actually experience them. Apparently her dog's taken to scratching at her door in the middle of the night, and it's been waking her up. I guess he feels left out not still being able to be with her when it gets late.

Nearing the end of her message, her tone shifts. "I hope this isn't crossing a line to ask, but have you been doing alright? I know you're where you want to be, I do, but sometimes I think of you actually being there, and it's hard not to feel at least a bit worried. I mean, I know you've got your stories and your garden and everything there, but when's the last time you talked to someone face-to-face? Do you have people you can see in town? If you do, you haven't mentioned anyone; I guess to be fair I also haven't asked. I just worry about you; it's been a little over five years now, but I know things aren't that simple. You know how much I do. Just make sure you're taking care of yourself, okay? Maybe think about getting a dog; you know how much that's helped me. Last thing, I know it's been a while, but think about giving me a call; if I don't pick up, leave a message, and I'll call back soon. It's not like there's much time I'm more than a room away from my phone nowadays."

I put the letter down, somewhat unsure how to respond to the sudden burst of concern at the end of it. It felt nice knowing that someone was worried, even if that didn't feel great to admit.

Glancing outside, I was surprised to see that it was almost pitch black; the night must've gotten away from me. A few minutes later I was upstairs, then in bed; it wasn't long before I was sound asleep.

After about half the night had passed, my eyes drifted open again. The lights were off, but moonlight bathed the room an uncanny white, and the dim glow stretched shadows and darkened dark patches such that even recognizable objects appeared ghostly. Steadily, every second or so, a gentle scratching sound came from my window; it seemed like something outside was making the noise.

Reaching the window I glanced down casually, expecting to see something small burrowing in my front yard or scraping at some of the wood of my porch. I recoiled; a split second later my body had reflexively locked in place.

Standing at my door was what had been leaving its fur in the trees around my home. I knew it immediately without question; its pelt had the same almost-glow that the bits left behind had, if slightly brighter. I stared noiselessly at it through the window, my mind trying to parse what I was looking at through the heavy sheet of panic. It was tall, bigger than I'd guessed, but hunched. Standing straight, the thing on my porch might've been over fifteen feet, but it probably actually stood closer to ten, with it sagging as if trying to remain upright under a heavy weight. Its limbs were long and disproportionately thin for something of its size; they tangled disorganizedly together where it sat on my porch. Its head was even more confusing to try and figure out; its features were distinctly canine but tempered by something else, and where the snout would've been normally was just a gaping lack, as if the front of its face had been somehow obliterated by something slamming shut on it. The mouth-thing on its face almost seemed like a wound, and I found myself half expecting something to begin dripping from it.

The scratching noise I had heard before shook me from the shock I'd fallen into. I could see the source of it now; one of the thing's hands kept moving to grasp the doorknob of my front door. Its claws slipped off the metal handle, making the noise I had heard as its nails skidded across the surface and onto the wood of the door. It was trying to open the door.

The next chunk of time was a blur for me. I huddled in my room until the scratching stopped; it could’ve only been an hour or two, but it felt like days. As soon as I could, I hurried into my car and drove into town. I will remember how that hurried stumble to the car felt as long as I live. I kept expecting each subsequent step I made on the grass to cause what I had seen to come careening out of the treeline towards me.

That morning I called my sister from a phone at the sheriff's office. Her voice was quiet over the line but perked up when she was excited about something, whether it be for a good or bad reason.

"Are you sure you don't want to try finding somewhere else to stay, at least in the short term? You could stay here if you wanted; I know it's a long drive, but really, it'd be okay." She trailed off, barely bothering to finish the end of her sentence.

"The money I got from Sam doesn't stretch far enough to really let me drop a couple hundred just to set up in a hotel room for a few days, and even then, what about after those days are up? I could come there, but for how long could we keep that up? Eventually I need to be back here. I can't just stay there forever; I'm barely stretching what I've got to keep things how they are."

A pause hung for a second between the two of us before I spoke. "I can't go back to working, you know that. I can barely handle a conversation; it's just not an option for me anymore."

"That's okay, I get it, I do. I know how bad things have been for you since what happened. Just—" She breathed in so heavily I could hear it over the phone. "Please stay safe, and call me; I mean it."

"I will; I promise I'll call tomorrow."

"I know this is silly, but do it for me. Do you remember the secret knock you, me, and Sam made back when we had that treehouse? We kept it going for years. I heard that knock on my college dorm's door the night you came to help me move back home; that's how long it lasted."

I held the receiver near the table and then knocked, two quick ones and then a longer one.

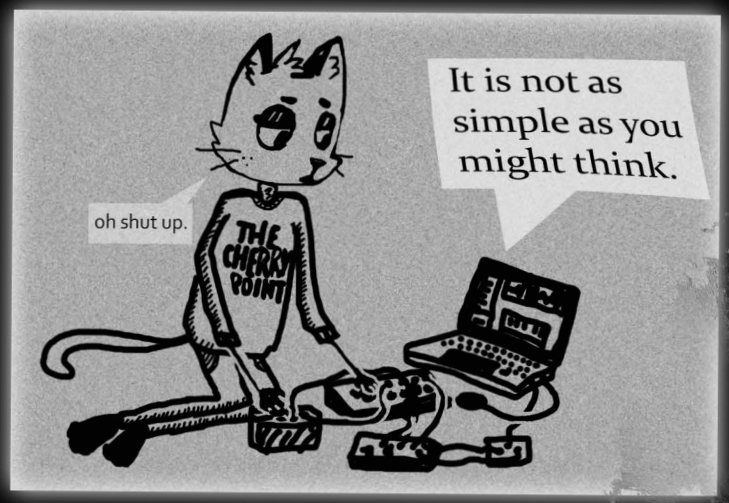
"Thank you," she said. "It just feels reassuring to hear."

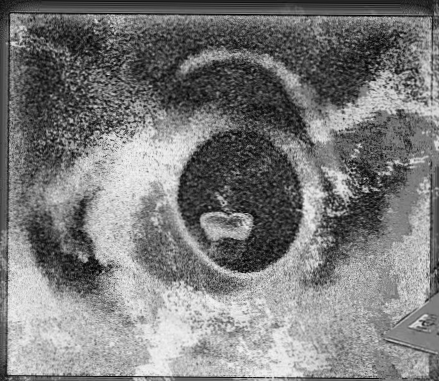
That night, I woke at the same time I had the night before. For a second, I felt suspended in the air, hoping desperately not to hear the same noise I had before. But the sound came anyway, slow and creeping and through my locked-tight window.

Knowing what I would see but moving despite myself, I slowly turned to gaze through the glass. The thing from the woods was once again grasping at my front door's doorknob. Its claws slid off the doorknob again and again, and as it did, something in my brain clicked into place for the first time.

Two quick scratches, then a long one. As I heard it properly for the first time, my body slumped. I stood there for a minute, no longer worried about being seen. I stared down towards what was at my door, and this time it stared back. Looking past its mutilated face, its eyes held absolutely nothing that could ever hurt me.

I went downstairs and walked to the door. Then I let the person I'd made a promise to spend my life with in.

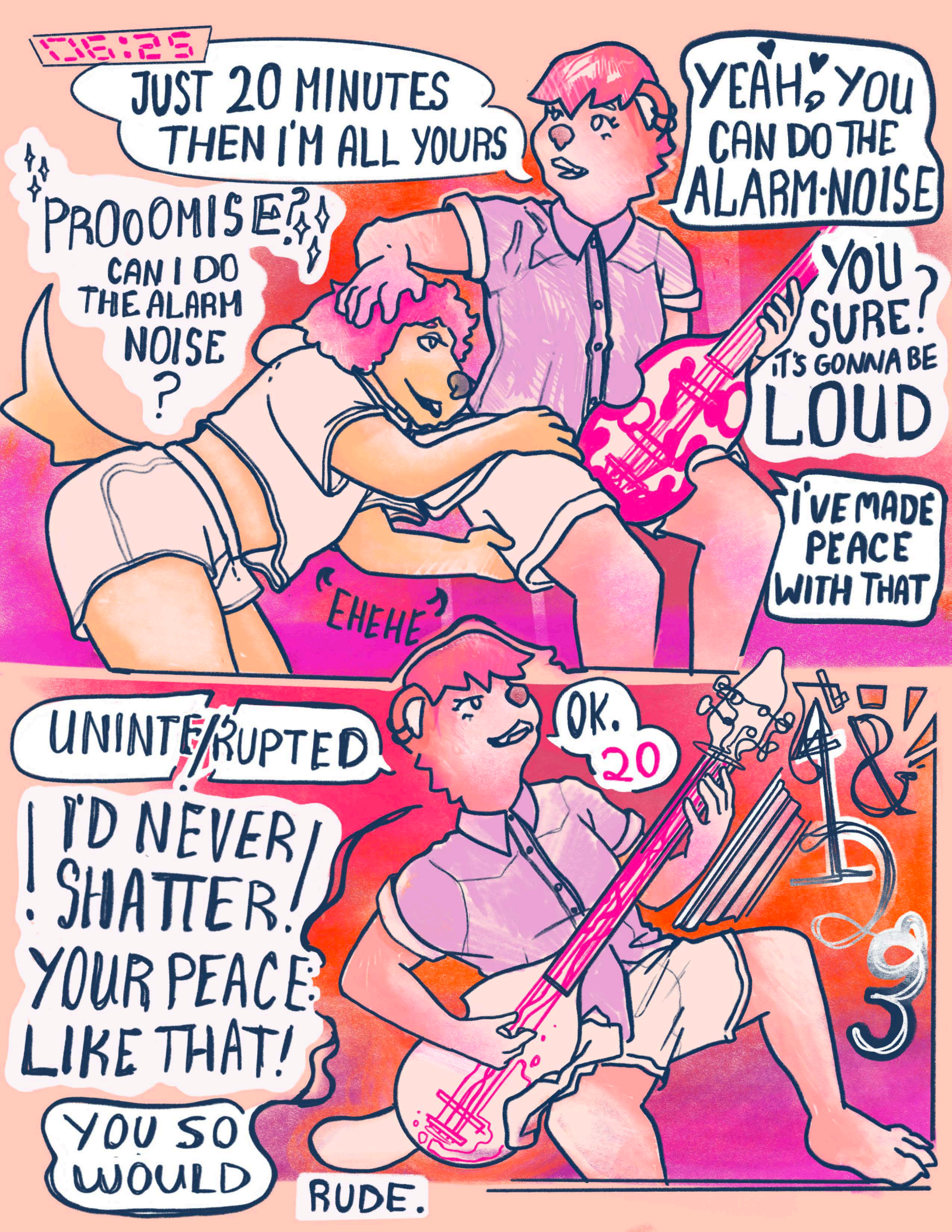




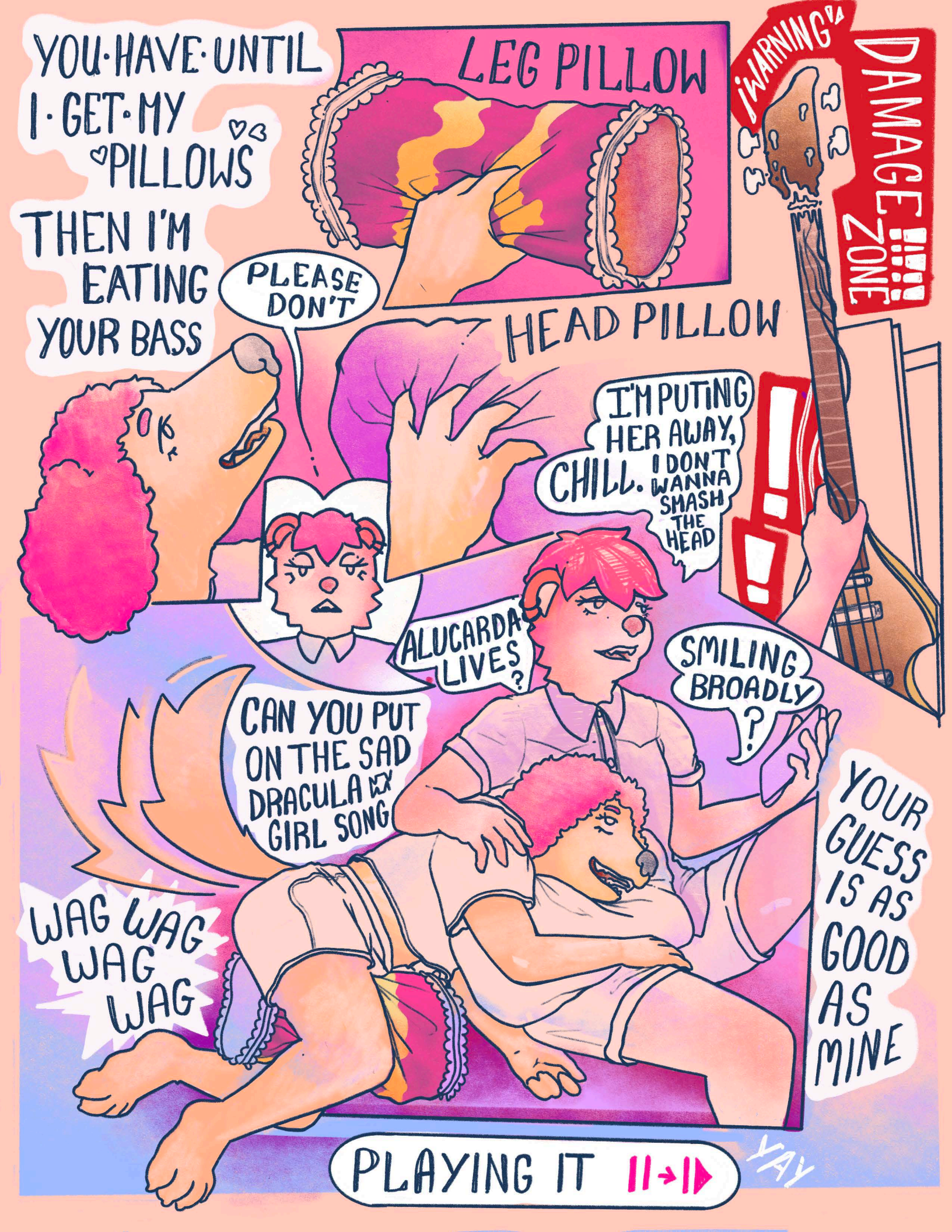
noise is your new companion.

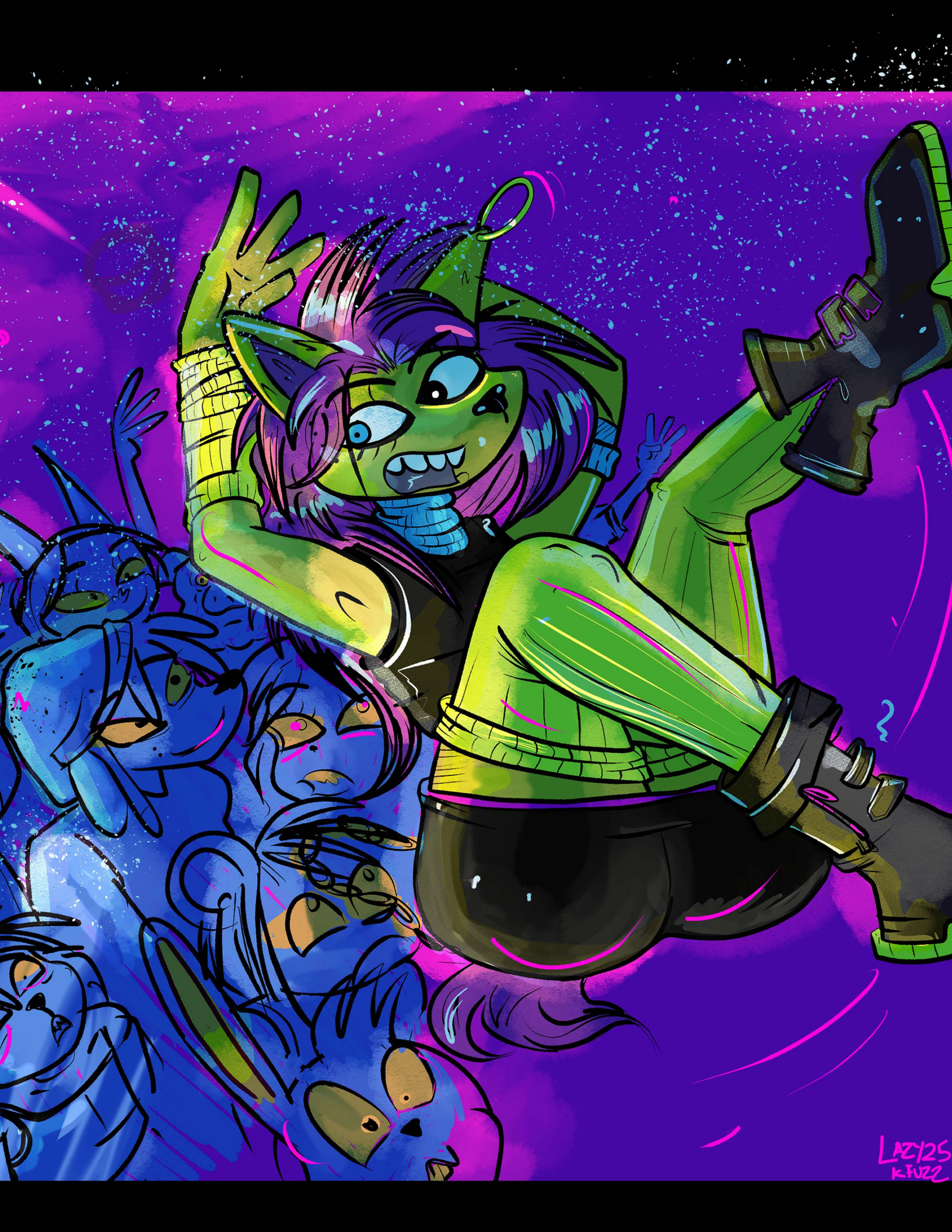
give it a hand and it'll lead you to the unknown realms, waiting in silence, to be awakened at last.

「Kobold's Cathartic Karaoke」


08:25
JUST 20 MINUTES THEN I'M ALL YOURS
YEAH, YOU CAN DO THE ALARM-NOISE
PROOOMISE?
CAN I DO THE ALARM NOISE?
YOU SURE? IT'S GONNA BE LOUD
I'VE MADE PEACE WITH THAT
"EHEHE"
UNINTE/RUPTED
OK. 20
I'D NEVER SHATTER! YOUR PEACE LIKE THAT!
YOU SO WOULD
RUDE.

I DON'T THINK I'M THAT GOOD AT THIS
BUT
SOMETIMES
6:30
6:35
6:40
EVEN THE WRONG NOTES FIND THEIR PL
IT JUST FLOWS AND...
ALARM NOISE
ALARM NOISE
ALARM NOISE
ALARM NOISE
6:50


YOU HAVE UNTIL I GET MY PILLOWS
THEN I'M EATING YOUR BASS
LEG PILLOW
WARNING
DAMAGE!!!! ZONE
PLEASE DON'T
HEAD PILLOW
OK
I'M PUTING HER AWAY, CHILL.
I DON'T WANNA SMASH THE HEAD
ALUCARDA LIVES?
SMILING BROADLY?
CAN YOU PUT ON THE SAD DRACULA GIRL SONG
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE
WAG WAG WAG WAG
PLAYING IT

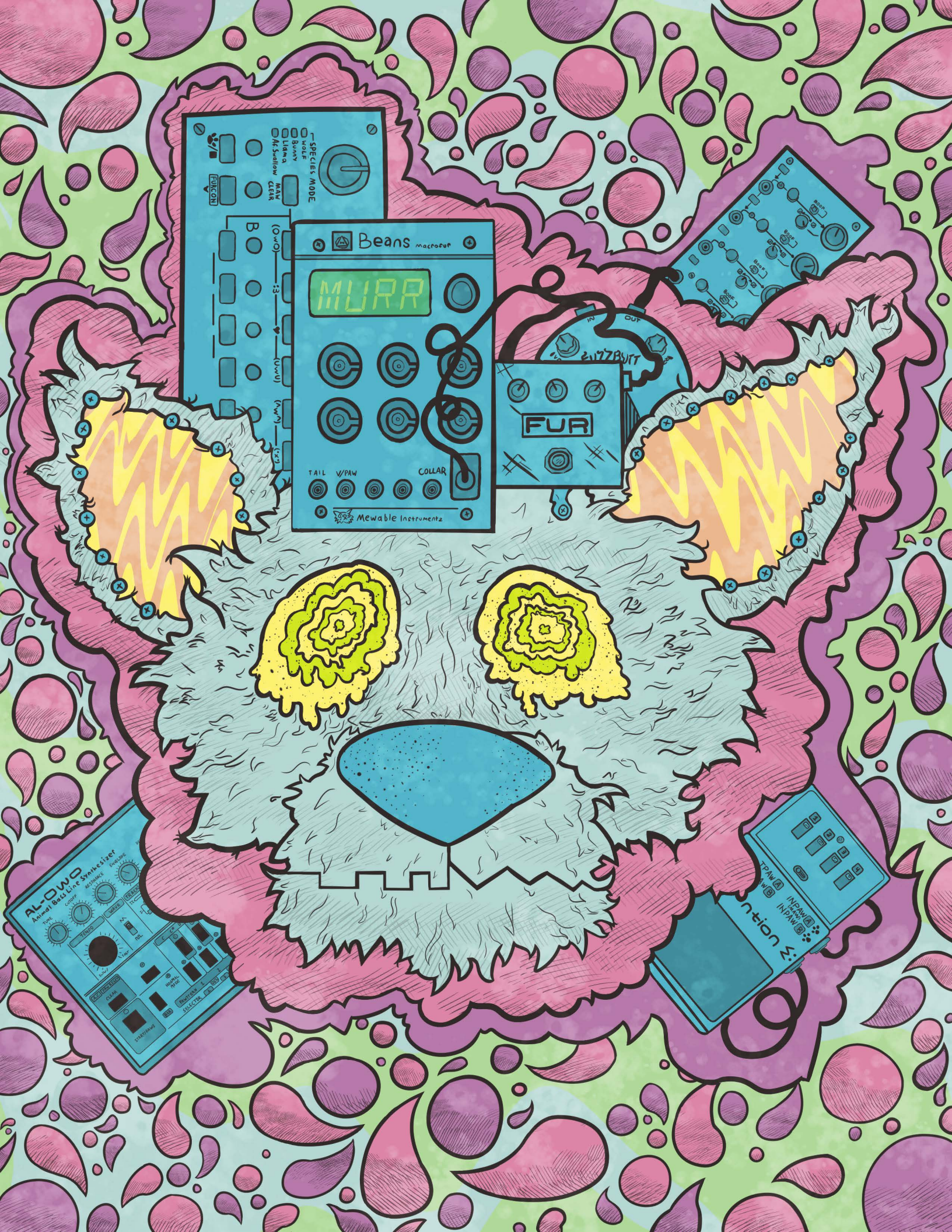

LAZY25
KFUZZ

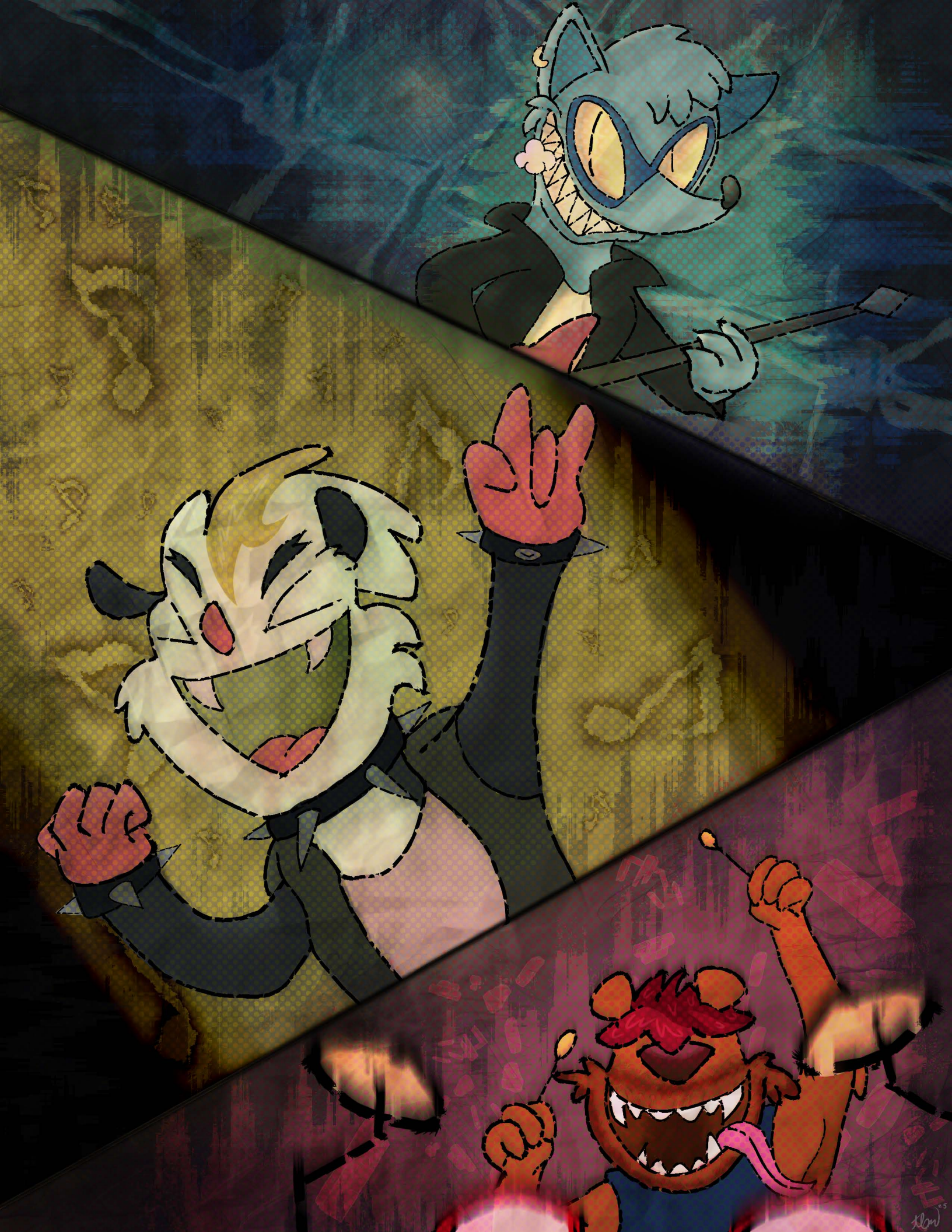
LAZIRS

MOULT
.CO.UK

Even as our days are numbered,
I can feel it getting near.
Deafened by the sounds of others
who only got as far as here.

LIVE!!
ONE NIGHT ONLY
THE BREMEN FOUR


SPECIES MODE
WOLF
Bunny
Llama
Ah Swallow
MAN CLEAR
FURCON
Beans macrofur
MURR
TAIL
W/PAW
COLLAR
Mewable Instrumentz
FUR
AL-OWO
Animal Bass Line Synthesizer
TEMPO
WAVE
PATTERN
SELECTOR
INPAW
INPAW
INPAW

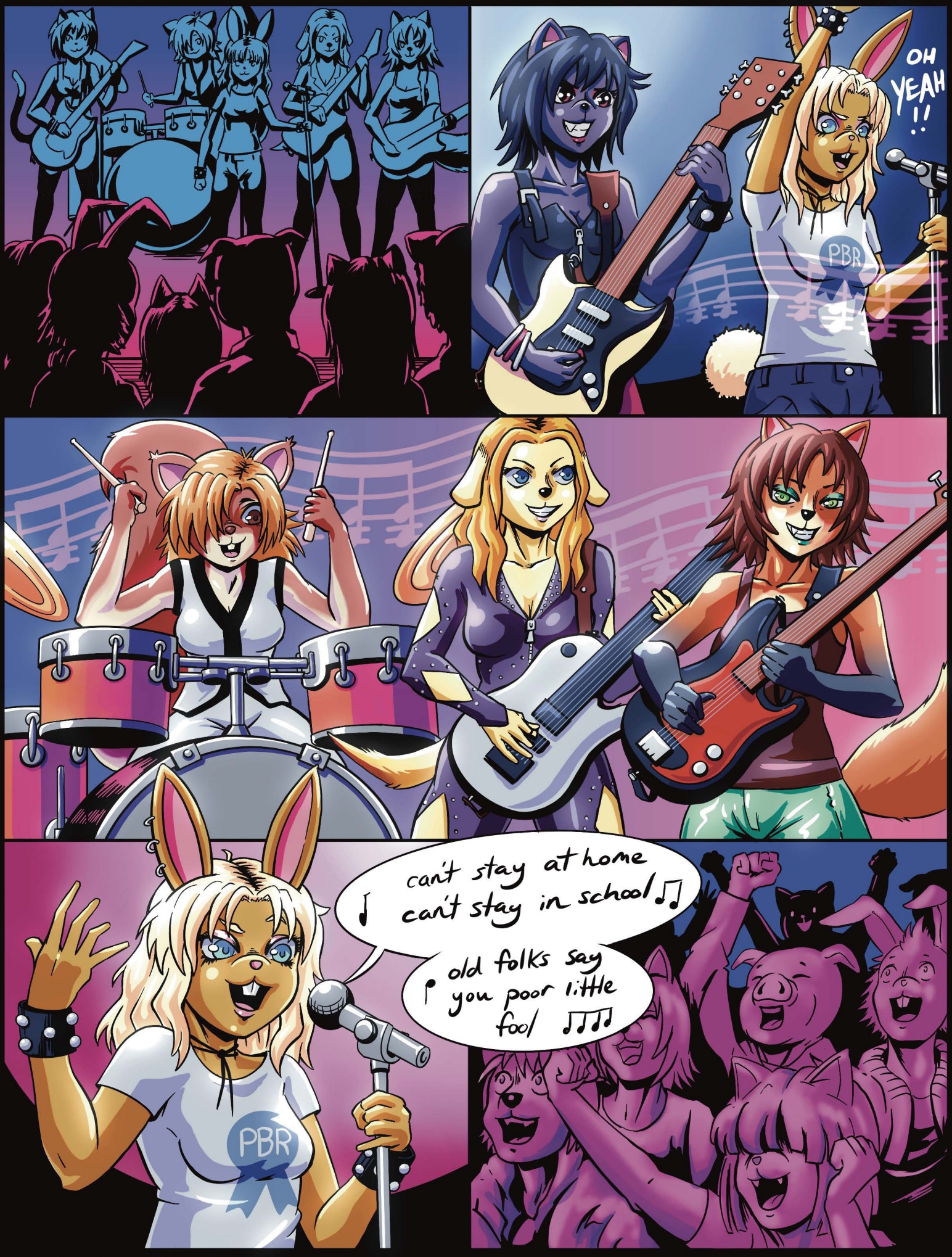


ON
AIR
TEXT
Panasonic

My Music taste?
You Could call it a bit.
Eclectic!

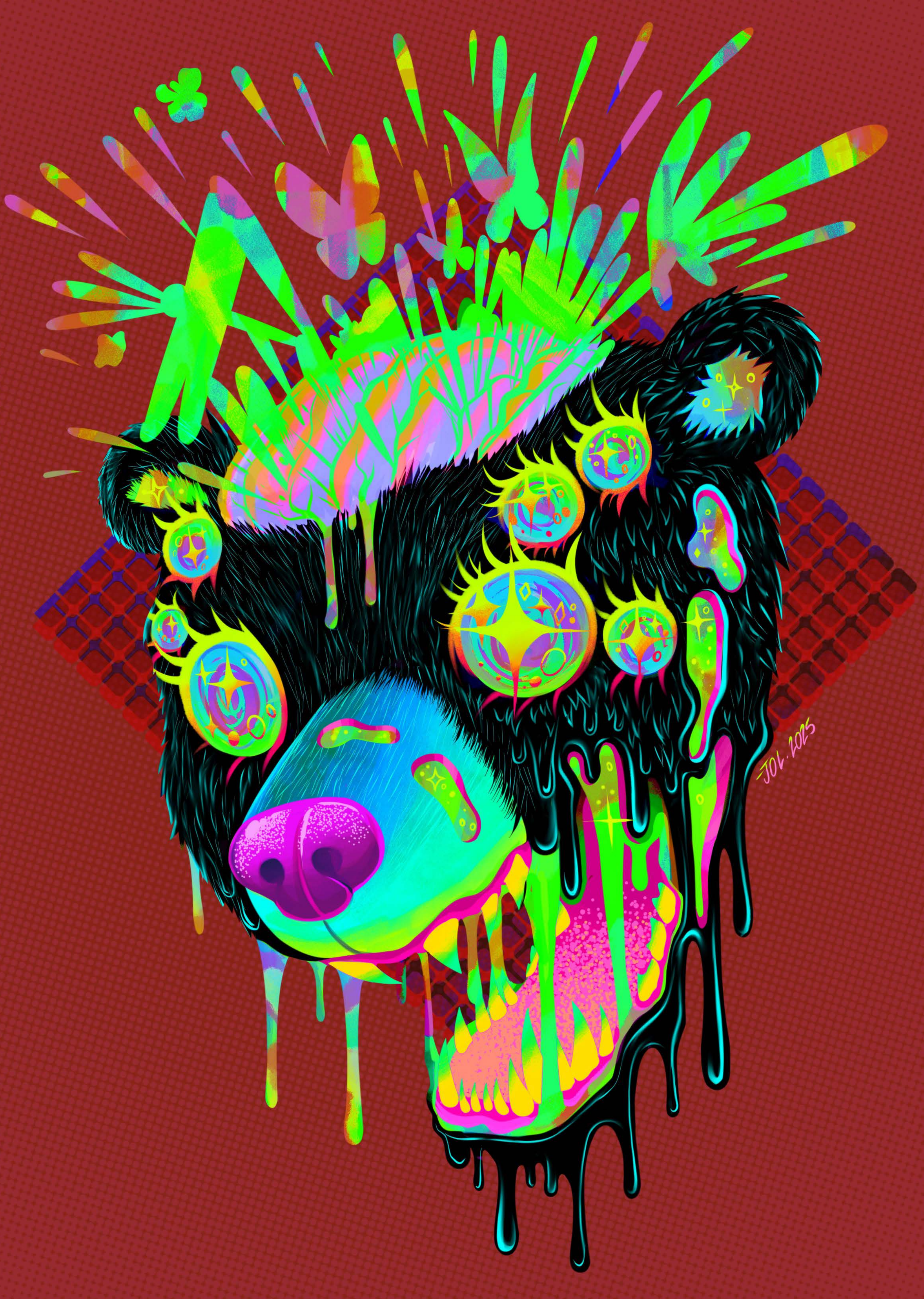
DT 770 PRO

every
little
thing
is
love

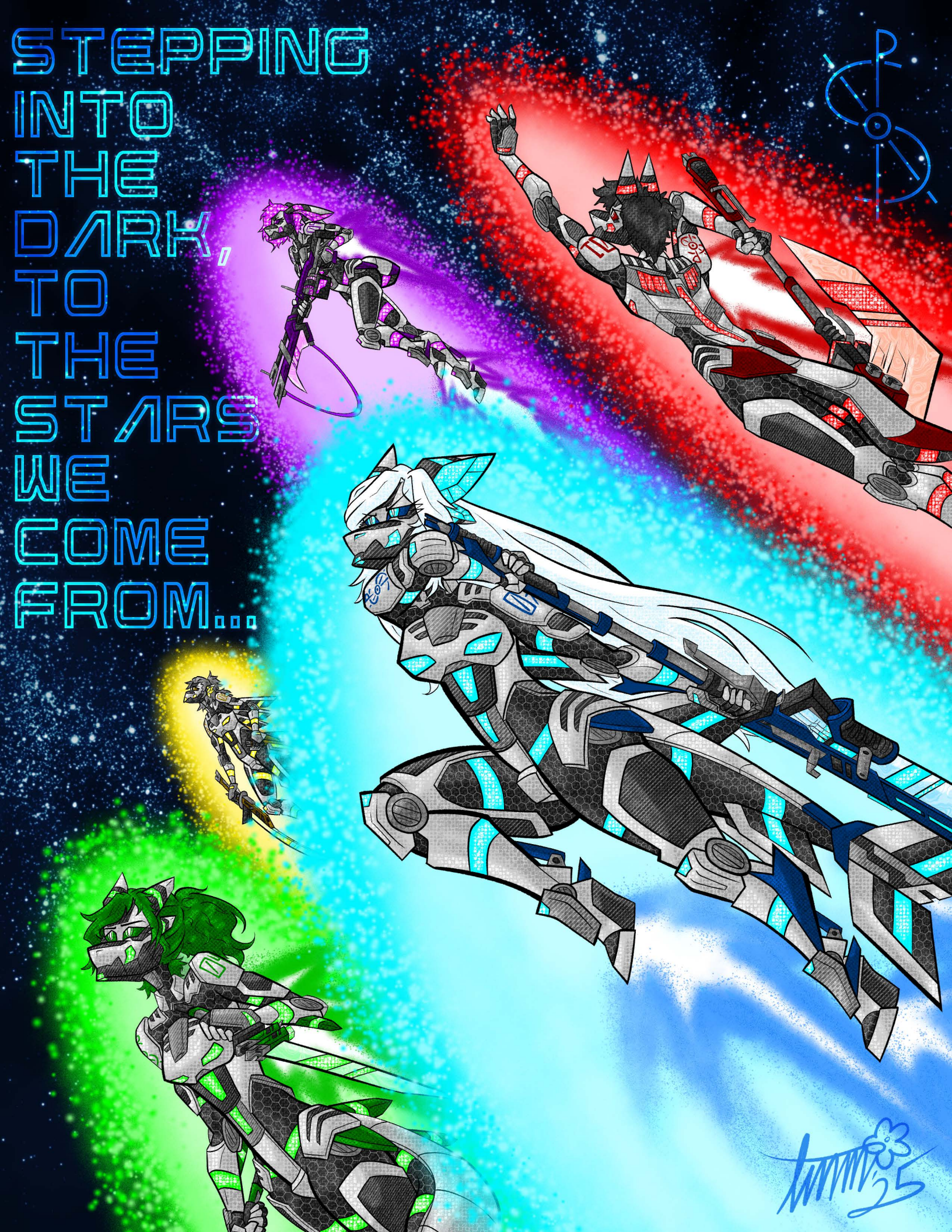


"Cherry Bomb" written by JOAN JETT and KIM FOWLEY

down the street, I'm the girl next door
I'm THE FOX YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
HELLO DADDY, HELLO MOM!
I'm Your
CH-CH-CH-CH-
CHERRY BOMB!
HELLO WORLD!
I'M YOUR WILD GIRL!
I'm Your
CH
CH
CH
CH
CHERRY BOMB!
PBR
END.


JOL. 2023

Kiss the Stars, for Me!
Chase Your dreams!
You should forget Your fears!
You beautiful Creature!
@IzzyNori


STEPPING
INTO
THE
DARK,
TO
THE
STARS
WE
COME
FROM...

KFUZZ 2025

13:55:12
AND SO I TURN ALL MY TEARS INTO A TSUNAMI SEA|

Hear the Storm
Dances outside
Something Set free
Is running through the night
And the dark awaits us all
Around the corner
But here in our place,
We have for the day
Can we stay a while and listen
For Heaven?
HEAVEN

Rocky's music advice

don't let the algorithms curate your taste

don't pirate indies

recommend artists by word of mouth

protect your ears from loud music

don't make fun of other's tastes

support your local scene

listen to full albums, not just songs

make an offline flac music collection

PSA brought to you by ak

OH, THE YEARS GO BY
WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME HERE!
AND EVEN IF WE NEVER DID
I'D REALIZE THAT:
AAAAH~
I OWE, I OWE
I OWE, OH!
EVERYTHING
TO
EVERYONE!
ON AIR!
INTERN
SOBY
SPECIAL THANKS: PENNY
KANDY
PAWINFAMY
XinJinMéng
JO
LILY
EDEN
LISA
SAMMY
ALEX
ERIKA
MADDY
MY MOM!
THANK YOU FOR READING!!!
PLEASE DONATE TO THE TREVOR PROJECT!
and Sean Bonette for teachin' Me power chords
FIN

1800 AM
KFUZZ

KANDYKANEJAMES

@KANDYKANEJAMES.BSKY.SOCIAL

COVER ARTIST + KFUZZ SUPERHERO
MEDIUM: DIGITAL

ALICESQUEAKS

@ALICESQUEAKS.BSKY.SOCIAL

"TETHERED TO THOSE THOUGHTS"
MEDIUM: DIGITAL ART AND
PHOTO COLLAGE

ANAUGI

@ANAUGI.BSKY.SOCIAL

"FUZAKETENAIZE, NECRY TALKIE"
MEDIUM: DIGITAL ART

ASTROLUPINE (HE/THEY)

@ASTROLUPINE.BSKY.SOCIAL

"DINGO VS. THE GOLDEN OLDIES"
MEDIUM: PENCIL, LETRASET
PROMARKER N' SHARPIE PEN

ASHLEY CARTER

@ASHLEY_CARTER_ART ON INSTA

"BLEED STATIC 2" (INSPIRED BY THE SONG "POWERS" BY BOYGENIUS) WATERCOLORS WITH OILS
"GREEN LIKE SEA FOAM"
(THE AARON WEST FANART) COLOURED PENCIL

BIDDYFOX

BIDDYFOX.NET

"CHARLOTTE SEES HER EX'S BAND"
PHOTOSHOP
TRACK 01: UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, KID, NOTHING IS FOREVER

MIKASIWOLF

@MIKASIWOLF.BSKY.SOCIAL

STORY: ""OUR ROLES IN LIFE"

CHAKOOBYTV

@DEMON-KEY.BSKY.SOCIAL

'UNTITLED' – DIGITAL

DISCFLAME

HTTPS://DISCFLA.ME

LYRICS SHEET, MIXED MEDIA
TRACK 08: "YOU SAY"

EDEN

@HEVYMETALMAY.BSKY.SOCIAL

"NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE, MOTORHEAD",
"BURN, DEEP PURPLE" – PENCIL AND BRISTOL

EXIT

GUTTERPEDE.BSKY.SOCIAL

TITLE: HOUNDS OF LOVE (INSPIRED BY KATE BUSH) – GOUACHE, DIGITAL

FEHUSTUDIOS (SHE/HER)

WWW.FEHUSTUDIO.COM

"HIGHSCHOOL REFUGE" + "SYNESTHESIA: VOICE OF THE SOUL BY DEATH"
MEDIUM: DIGITAL– CLIP STUDIO PAINT

FLINDASAUR

FLIND.BSKY.SOCIAL

"THE MEAT RECOGNIZES ITSELF (LOOSELY INSPIRED BY THE WORK OF DIAMANDA GALAS)"
–DIGITAL OILS

CRYNGE

@CRYNGEISDEAD.BSKY.SOCIAL

'FRAIDY CAT' –DIGITAL COMIC

GEMINIWORKSHOP

HTTPS://GEMINIWORKSHOPS.BANDCAMP.COM/

"GEMINI WORKSHOPS INTERVIEWED BY FURMAG" –DIGITAL
TRACK 04: ECDYSIS– SOLAR ECLIPSE

HEYA THE RACCOON

RACCOONPAW.NET

"GIVE IT A CHANCE!" –MIXED MEDIA (TRADITIONAL INK ON PAPER + DIGITAL TEXT)

IMPACTZACK

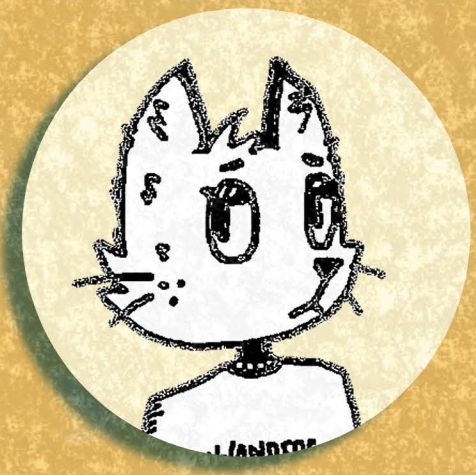
IMPACTZACK.BSKY.SOCIAL

"ROSA" – DIGITAL

KAT

@PUPPYPAWPRINCESS.BSKY.SOCIAL

STORY- SOME STRANGE ANGEL



KOLE

@KOLEGREY.BSKY.SOCIAL

COMPANION MEDIUM: MIXED MEDIA
(PHOTOGRAPH, PENCIL, DIGITAL)
TRACK 05 "SICK BASTARD"

RYUKA K

@KOLEGREY.BSKY.SOCIAL

"KOBOLD'S CATHARTIC KARAOKE"-
CLIP STUDIO PAINT

LAMPS

@LIVINGLAVALAMP ON INSTA

'PRACTICE' – DIGITAL

LAZYBLUE

@LAZYBLUEHORSE.BLUESKY.SOCIAL

"UNTITLED 1+2" – DIGITAL

MOULT (THEY/THEM)

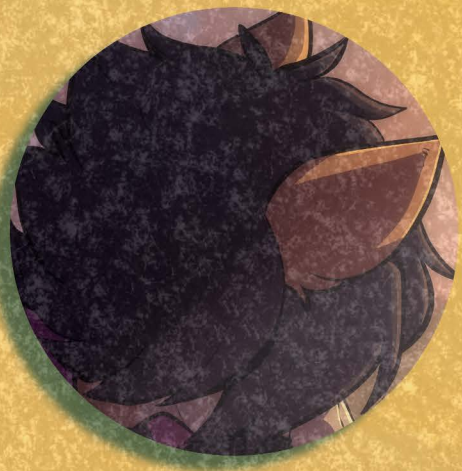
MOULT.CO.UK

CLOUDHEAD– DIGITAL
TRACK 09– CLOUDHEAD

MUNKS

@MUNKEESGOMU.BSKY.SOCIAL

INEVITABLE (INSPIRED BY THE SONG "SNOWMAN" BY FROST*) – DIGITAL



NESLOPE

JACKALOPEZONE.NEOCITIES.ORG/

"MODULATE", "THE BREMEN FOUR"– (DIGITAL)
TRACK 06– MINDMAZE

TEDDY OCEANHAZEL

@OCEANHAZEL.BSKY.SOCIAL

"PRIMARY PUNKS" – DIGITAL (CLIP STUDIO PAINT)

PYTHONMELON (THEY/IT)

@PYTHONMELON.BSKY.SOCIAL

"ON AIR", "MULTIGENRE"–
MIXED: DIGITAL ART, PHOTO COLLAGE

RATTHEW (THEY/HE)

WEBSITE

"ZAP" – (PHOTOSHOP)

ROCKO-YU (HE/HIM)

ROCKOYU.CARRD.CO

"EVERYTHING IS PEACEFUL LOVE, BON IVER" – DIGITAL

VEGGIEROLAND

BSKY.APP/PROFILE/VEGGIERO.LAND

"SEEING", "LISTENING" – MIXED MEDIA SCULPTURE

SHAUNYREDCOMET

@SHAUNY_RED_COMET ON INSTA

"CHERRY BOMB" – DIGITAL

JO LABAR

HTTPS://LINKTR.EE/SLIGHTLYFLOATING

"HAVE YOU EVER? (INSPIRED BY DARKO US) – DIGITAL

NORI (SODAFIZZNORI) [HE/HIM]

@FIZZYNORI.BSKY.SOCIAL

"CREATURES TOGETHER (INSPIRED BY 'CREATURE' BY GRIZZLY)" – DIGITAL

SPOOKYLINGUINI, SHE/HER

@SPOOKYLINGUINI.BSKY.SOCIAL

"SONG AGAINST SEX, NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL" – DIGITAL

ROBYN

@TACITURNDEER.BSKY.SOCIAL

"YOU CAN SIT WITH A BEGONIA" – MIXED MEDIA

themothmuse (IT/ITS)

BSKY.APP/PROFILE/MOTHMUSE.ART

"TSUNAMI SEA, SPIRITBOX", "AD ASTRA, STARSET", "QUEEN'S GAME, GHOST DATA" – DIGITAL

ALISONKIRA

ALISONKIRA.ART

"ROCKY'S MUSIC ADVICE" – KRITA

JOAN METZ

HTTPS://LINKTR.EE/JOANTOONS

"I OWE EVERYTHING TO EVERYONE" (INSPIRED BY STREETLIGHT MANIFESTO: ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS) – PENCIL AND DIGITAL
MODERATOR, GRAPHIC DESIGN, ALBUM ART

VETTY (THEY/ANY)

@VIBRANTVETTY.BSKY.SOCIAL

"HEAVEN, MITSKI" –
MIXED MEDIA (PENCIL, INK,
AND DIGITAL RENDERING)

WITH MUSIC BY:

a.j. Vega

HTTPS://AJVEGA.NET

TRACK 07 – CERULEAN RIVER

MOOCHIE (THEY/SHE)

@MOOCHE.BSKY.SOCIAL

TRACK 02 – ITNEVERGOESAWAY,
DOES IT

KJ VALIUM

LINKTR.EE/KJVALIUM

TRACK 03 – URBAN STRANDING

THANKS FOR READNG
SEE YOU NEXT YEAR